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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF SAMUEL PRESTON, SURVEYOR, 1787.

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[The following extracts have been selected from the "Journal to the Frontiers of Northampton County, for Henry Drinker," kept by Samuel Preston, who was engaged to locate and survey the lands of Henry Drinker and Abel James, merchants of Philadelphia, located in what is now Pike County, Pennsylvania.]

"*June 12, 1787.*—After endeavouring to hire William or Joseph Walton to accompany me (to no purpose), I sat out on my journey about eight o'clock in the morning. Traveled up Durham Road to the sign of the Harrow, where I fed and eat dinner; from thence by Bursons and Brackinridges to Valentine Opp's tavern, where I fed and rested about two hours. From thence through the Saucon settlement, and over the Salsbury Hills to Allentown, which I reached about dusk and put up at the large tavern.

"*June 13.*—This morning I set out and rode to Michael Snyder's tavern to breakfast. As to the entertainment in Allentown, 'tis rather indifferent than midling. At Snyder's I met William Edwards who lives near the land on Lizzard Creek. I treated him to his breakfast and a bottle of rum to accompany me back to the land, find pasture for my mare and assist in survey. We set out together. There is some little good land on Jordan's Creek by Snyder's, but the most of the land from Allentown to the mountain is barren; some settlements, the grain poor, and not much water, and very little timber either for fences or buildings. We traveled on together about six miles to Andrew Feller's, where, as we had an opportunity, we fed again, after which we started to cross the mountain, the foot of which being about six miles distant and nine to Lizzard Creek.

"As I was riding along I met a Dutchman on a very poor horse, riding fast. I gave him what of the road I could,

yet he rode so nigh that his horse's high hip bone struck me under the cap of the knee and lamed me so much that I found it difficult in walking up the mountain. About half way up is a fine spring of water, the head of the Jordan—arrived on the top I had a fine prospect of the country on both sides to the S. E., and could see all the houses and plantations between the mountain and Saucon or Lehigh Hills, which intercepts the prospect of any thing further.

"I then proceeded with William Edwards and viewed on horseback both the tracts on Lizzard Creek, between Josiah Thomases and Michael Oalds. From Lizzard Creek I proceeded on to Isaac Longstreth's (at the place where Benjamin Gilbert formerly lived). I found myself too lame to walk much, and my knee pain'd me at such a rate I wished the Dutchman had rode a better horse. I reached Longstreth's in the evening, where I eat supper, having eat nothing on this side the mountain except strawberries, which grow in great plenty and perfection even in the woods where it has been burned. I bathed my knee with warm vinegar which relieved the pain so that I slept tolerable well.

"*June 14.*—This morning my knee was much better and the swelling gone down considerably—I walked out and viewed the place, after which we had a fine breakfast of trout, of which they catch plenty in Mahony Creek.

"Longstreth accompanied me to Gnadenhuetten, the old Moravian town (formerly burned by the Indians), which stands on Mahony Creek about half a mile above the Lehigh, and contains seven poor old wooden houses. At the mouth of the Mahony they have a grist and saw mill, but for the want of more fall they are worth little.

"We also rode over the Lehigh to Col. Weiss', whose house stands on or very near the spot where Fort Allen formerly stood. The Lehigh makes a strange turn here round a point and Weiss has dug a race across the point and set up a saw mill with two frames and carriages.

"Here I parted with Isaac Longstreth, and started for George Hoods. I proceeded over the Barrens along up the N. W. side of Head's Creek about seven miles, where I

crossed it just below a saw mill. They raft 6 and 7000 feet of boards at a time down from this mill. I then kept up the Barren Hill, on the S. E. side of the creek, and passd a few little houses. The land is exceeding poor and I could obtain no provisions for myself or creature until I reached the place where Fort Norris formerly stood, where I got a cup of milk and bread and let my mare bate in the meadow. Here lives an old woman, the widow Serfass, who entertain'd me with an historical account of her family first migrating over the mountain, being the first settlers, the hardships they underwent for three or four years, and having no neighbours nearer than fifteen or twenty miles. In about five or six years they began to raise plenty of hay and grain, and had a good house and barn and plenty of cattle. The first Indian war broke out and they saw some few Indians but received no damage, until the soldiers came there to build a fort. The Commissary was scant of provision and took all they had for the soldiers, and sent them off empty handed to seek their fortunes. They were gone eight years, during which time all their buildings were burned as well as fences, and the fields and meadows overgrown with bush, and as hard to clear as at first. Since then they were driven off by the Indians three times and met with like losses. She gave me this account part in Dutch and part in English, and I believe told the truth. Her husband had been dead about one year, and they had lived together fifty-five years, and raised a large family. She was about seventy-five years old.

"From here I kept up the creek to the forks, where the good level land begins, called Peters's Flat, for Richard Peters owns a fine tract of land here. I went about four miles to one Jacob Everarts, a Dutchman who has some fine meadows on Head's Creek, where I put up for all night and they were very civil people. His son caught me a mess of trout for supper.

"*June 15.*—This morning I accompanied my young Dutchman to catch trout, at a large pond covering about two acres and very deep, out of which issues a large stream called

Wire Creek, that turns Head's mill. He had a little raft on which he went out and caught the trout as fast as he could throw his hook into the water. After catching about two and a half dozen large fish we returned to the house to have them cooked for breakfast.

" After breakfast my fisherman accompanied me to George Hood's, who is removed from the place he rented of Stroud. He left his plow and rode with us to the land, but we could find neither line trees nor corners—and the neighbours say, there never was any marks made, and that no survey of the land was made.

" From every thing I could discover, I apprehend the people told me very near the truth, for they appeared too simple and honest to have any designs, and say if they loose the Land they shall be greatly wronged, yet I believe will not contend.

" We eat dinner (such as she had) at the old widow Hood's, who pretends to claim the tract of meadows, and from every circumstance I believe in justice and equity it is or ought to have been her right, for she has an old warrant which her husband took out soon after his arrival in Pennsylvania, and was kill'd by the Indians before he had it executed in any legal way, and his heirs have never since done any thing therein.

" For the afternoon I started for Jacob Stroud's and proceeded along the Summer Hills from which I had a prospect of some fine level country on the head of Head's Creek (opposite the Wind Gap), where there is some few large well improved farms.

" A few miles past the Wind Gap the high barren Summer Hills and also the Second Mountain begins to sink and scatter. About the division of the waters of the Lehigh and Delaware, where for about twelve miles there is a reasonable quantity of very good land, good improvements and fine large meadows, on the several branches of Pokono Creek, which turns Stroud's grist and saw mill, just before it meets Broadhead's Creek. The Pokono is about the size of the Saucon Creek, and Broadhead's Creek is as large as the

Little Lehigh. I arrived at Stroud's about sunset; he keeps store, tavern, merchant and grist mill and saw mill, besides a large farm—has between two and three hundred acres of wheat now growing and keeps several boats—and he has the most hands I ever saw at one place. They treated me very kindly and I put up for all night.

"*June 16.*—This morning I sent for John Fish to accompany me to view the land up Jones's and Broadhead's Creeks. He came and as it sat in for rain, we gave over the journey. About 10 o'clock I started to see John Hilborn seven miles up Broadhead's Creek, reached there about noon and was very kindly received by him and his brother. They are worthy characters, have a plantation and saw mill, where they have sawed pine, hauled it to the river seven or eight miles and rafted it, but on account of the low price of boards have declined that business at present and follow farming. In the afternoon it cleared up, and as John Fish had told me the 36 Acre Tract lay in the bend of the West Branch of Broadhead's Creek, John Hilborn being well acquainted with it agreed to accompany me there that afternoon. We took some fishing tackel along and set out about 2 o'clock, and had to wade the creek many times. As we passed by the uppermost improvement on that branch where the people were killed and taken by the Indians, at the time he was taken prisoner, he for the first time gavè me a very intelligent narrative of his captivity, which was nearly in substance as follows.

"Early in the summer before Gilbert's family were taken, they apprehended some danger from the Indians being set on by the British at Quebec and they and John Price an acquaintance who lived seven miles above on the North Branch of the creek, came to this mutual conclusion, that if either heard of any disturbance by the Indians they were immediately to inform the other of it. One morning an old woman came running down the creek and told him her son's family were all killed and taken by the Indians that morning, and as she was very ancient they had let her escape. Remembering his promise to John Price, he

alarmed his brother and family to immediately march off and started to inform Price. On his way from the top of a hill he saw the house all in flames; which struck him with horror and fully confirmed the account the old woman had given; as he was well acquainted with the woods he believed he could go with safety to Price's and perform his promise, but alas the Indians unhappily taught him the contrary. About one mile from the burnt house there was a high knob of a hill and he concluded to ascend to the top of it and take a view if he could see the Indians. As he neared the top five Indians, all painted, jumpd up within gun shot and presented their guns and told him unless he submitted they would shoot him. He saw no possibility of escape and therefore gave up, after which they informed him (for they spoke good English), that unless he would promise solemnly not to run away they would kill him, and he made them a strong promise. They then bound a burthen on his back and ordered him to march, and he soon discovered they had all the families which they had taken in company with them, except one little boy (which he understood made a great noise and therefore they kill'd and scalped him near the house). They marched very hard all the way to the Susquehanna River, which they crossed at the mouth of Tioga; made their prisoners wade all the creeks, which was many times very hard for the women, which, unless he had exerted himself almost beyond his ability to assist two of the girls they had certainly been drowned. After they had crossed the Susquehanna the Indians deemed themselves out of danger of being pursued, and their marches were much easier. They had a little girl in the party whom the Indians treated with all the kindness their then present situation would possibly admit of, promising her plenty of milk and victuals when they arrived at Shanango, yet they sometimes shewed her her little brother's scalp, which almost drove her distracted. Before they marched far they came to their canoes and placed him to set one of them up the river to their town under a Guard, but as they were not in a great hurry he was allowed to go on shore. One time,

in particular, the old Indian, their Captain went out a hunting and kill'd a large buck, after which he came in and sent two young Indians and himself to skin and bring it in—one was a large rough Delaware Indian and the other a genteel young Mohawk, who had before shown him some kindness. The Delaware was always very cross, and ordered him to skin the deer which he undertook, but being very weak he could not strip the neck. The Mohawk and Delaware began to talk loud in Indian, flew at one another scuffled and fought and the Mohawk altho the least proved the conqueror and made the Delaware finish skinning the deer.

"There is another circumstance I ought to have mentioned in its proper place. Soon after he was taken prisoner, they pass'd in sight of John Price's houses, and the Indians closely questioned him who lived there, what sort of a man he was, whether he kept a gun or was rich. This he said was the most trying time he had, and he told them the plain truth, that John Price was a poor inoffensive man, had nothing to do with the war, and that as he lived in the woods he was oblidged to keep a gun to support his family in meat. They then held a Council whether to go and kill them or not, and after a considerable debate they concluded as he was poor and quiet, they would let him live a while longer—which was a great satisfaction and joy to him to hear, for John Price was a neighbour he loved as well as a relation. He always told the Indians the plain, honest truth, and on most occasions they seemed to put great confidence in his word.

"When they arrived at Shanango, as he had born an unproportionable share of the hardships in their journey by endeavoring to relieve the sufferings of his fellow-prisoners, he was extreemly weak. They had to run what is call'd the gauntlet on entering the town in which they were very much abused by being severely whipped. He could not run fast, and before he had run far, the young Mohawk I have mentioned before had that regard and friendship for him to run in his stead, for which he received a severe whipping

from the other Indians, for what they deemed his folly, which he bore with all the patience of a philosopher. While he remained in Shanango the Indians received intelligence of General Sullivan's intention of coming up and destroying their town and crops, which greatly enraged them (for he said they had the finest land and Indian corn he has ever seen). They held a Council to go out upon another Expedition to the settlements on the Western Branch of Susquehanna, to be commanded by Capt. Montour (who took Benjamin's Gilbert's family) and their famous Captain Brant. He was informed of this result by his young Mohawk friend who was privy thereto, and much alarmed at it, expecting if they had bad success they would treat their prisoners the worse of it. He used all the arguments he could with the old Captain that took him prisoner, in order to gain a release, but in vain—in which he paid the strictest attention to the plain honest truth, for he said t'was impossible to have deceived them had he been so disposed. He told them he was a Quaker, that he had nothing to do with the war, it was against his religious principles to fight, and they replied, that might be, but all the Yankees told them so. Yet they treated him with some respect, and his business was to tend Indian corn, of which they had large crops and the finest land he ever saw. Finding he could not procure his release by intreaties, he laid a plan to make his escape in the night by taking a canoe and pushing down the Susquehanna until morning, and then hiding his canoe in some creek's mouth and watching from the top of some high hill if any Indians pursued him, if they did to take his chances by land, and if not to make the best of his way the next night in the canoe. This brought a great exercise over his mind—for notwithstanding the solemn promises the Indians extorted from him, yet when he came to the trial he could not find freedom to disregard them, or falsify his word by making his escape in this manner.

"As he remained in this condition Captain Brant, the famous Indian commander came to Shanango preparatory to their intended Expedition against the settlements on the

Western Branch, and as he understood that Brant had been educated in the College of Cambridge, in New England, and since been in London with Guy Johnston, and held a commission under the crown, he waited on him one morning in his hut, where he found him writing. He plead his cause as well as he could, and Captain Brant who behaved like an English gentleman and was dressed in a callico coat and jacket, seemed to pity his case, but told him that as he was a prisoner amongst the Delawares, it were not of his Nation—for he was a Mohawk—yet he believed he might be of some service. When the Indians were about starting on the expedition, it was ordered that he should be sent to Niagara and delivered to the English there, which accordingly was done, where he was ordered on board a vessel and sent with all expedition to Quebec. He arrived at Quebec in just two months after he was taken prisoner, hungry, moneyless and almost naked. Here he applied to an Irish colonel in the British service to afford him some assistance or relief in his pitifull situation. The colonel believed the story and loaned him a sufficiency of money to purchase a suit of tolerable decent clothes.

"But now another difficulty arose how to support himself and to find means to repay the money. Hearing that the colonel had a mill across the river, he informed him that he was a miller, upon which the colonel employ'd him to work in the mill upon trial, by which means he ingratiated himself much into the colonel's favour by putting the mill in better order than it had been before, (understanding how to dress the stones and other things), and the colonel was so much pleased therewith, that he made him superintendent of the whole business of buying, selling, and grinding. He was very careful and industrious in discharging his duty, and used to go every week to Quebec to sell a load of flour for which he generally received £100 sterling. The colonel was so well pleased with his faithfull service that he offered him any wages he would wish if he would stay,—but he was anxiously concerned to return home, and the colonel promised to assist him. There being a transport about to sail

for New York, the colonel engaged him a passage, and upon their settling there was £9 due to him for which the colonel voluntarily gave him 10 guineas. He sail'd by the Newfoundland Fishery, where their captain received information of a French fleet being off the coast, for which reason he put into Halifax and gave up the voyage.

"He remained in Nova Scotia a considerable time, and finally reached Amboy, from which he walked home to his father's in Makefield, who had never heard any account of what was his fate since he went to warn John Price, now about two years. . . .

"We fished along down the creek and waded it many times. It is customary hereaway for men, women and children to wade the creeks Winter and Summer—John caught a fine mess of trout, but I only two. We reached home in the evening and while I dried myself, John went out with a bob and caught a large quantity of Eels in a little time—these Settlers in general prefer Eels to any other kind of fish, and I believe was it not for such means many of the inhabitants would be pinched for provision.

"*June 17.*—This being my birthday I stayed at Hilborn's until evening & used my endeavours to persuade John to accompany me to Sheholy. He gave me encouragement of meeting me there, but he would take his gun and travel through the woods to try & kill some venison for the expedition. I set out in the evening for Stroud's and on my way met Mary Wilkinson going to Hilborn's. I went on to Stroud's and put up for the night.

"*June 18.*—This morning I sent for John Fish and we set out to view the Pokono Tract. Went by James Morgan's saw mill and took David Brewster along—he had before the first Indian War cleared land on this tract. We traveled up Sullivan's Road about 10 miles to Jn° Learn's Tavern, adjoining the Land. The road was very stony and in some places muddy, yet with labour might be made tolerably good. We walked all over the tract and found it is exceeding valuable, being situate in the Pokono Gap of the Second Mountain—is almost all low bottom on the

Pokono Creek and the branches thereof. Sullivan's Road, now used to go to Wyoming, runs through it all the length, and is the only pass through the Second Mountain, which renders it a very valuable stand for a tavern—I think this tract must be worth 40s P^{r} Acre & if it was improved by building a house for a tavern and clearing meadows, it would be worth more. We stayed at Jn^{o} Learn's all night —but very poor accommodations.

"*June 19.*—This morning after breakfast and purchasing some bread at a dear rate, we started to view the tract on Broadhead's Creek about four miles distant from Jn^{o} Learn's, which is the nighest house except Jn^{o} Price's on the north branch of the Creek. David Brewster having formerly made two little improvements on this tract, and being well acquainted with the woods was our guide. We traveled along the ridge of the Second Mountain which is not very high between Pokono Knob, and the west branch of Broadhead's Creek—the land we passed through was chiefly very stony barrens, but not as poor as the barrens between the Wind Gap and Lehigh, affording some good feeding places for cattle. We traced along to the Spruce and Laurel Swamp on the Creek, which was so thick we could not possibly pass through it—I believe it is of considerable width and very rich. As I was riding through the weeds, I heard a rattlesnake which I saw under my mares feet, but it did not incline to bite—as this was the first one I had ever seen, I lit from my creature and took a fair view of it—t'was about three feet long and a thick snake of the length, beautifully clouded with brown and yellow. I poked it about the head with the iron of my Surveying Staff and it did not incline to bite, but stuck up its tail and made a constant whipping or rattle, nearly resembling the noise of a locust. By this time David Brewster, who has a great antipathy against snakes came up and killed it by first bruising and then cutting off the head, after which I punched it with my staff and it would strike the staff with the stump of its bloody neck nearly as quick and straight as it could have done, if it had not been hurt—which made me think they were very handy

at biteing if so inclined. It had seven rattles, which I cut off and put in my pocket.

"After viewing the land, we started for home over a very rough stony country of hills and barrens, and on our way saw a deer. We reached Stroud's about sun set, where we had dinner, I paid and discharged the hands, and went to bed.

"*June 20.*—This forenoon I was employed in preparing for my journey to Sheholy and loaded a wagon with provision and necessary implements for the Expedition. I was desirous of seeing Abel James or Henry Drinker before I started from Jacob Stroud's, which is a very large house and stands in the very spot where Fort Penn formerly stood. About 2 o'clock P. M., the wagon started and I concluded to stay until morning and then start with the hands.

"*June 21.*—This morning I arose very early, mustered my hands and gave them a dram a piece and started nine of them by sun rise—after which I staid untill about seven o'clock, eat my breakfast and as my mare's back was sore, I left her in the care of Col. Stroud and took a little pony of his and rode up to the mouth of Bushkill Creek, where I overtook the hands. As I had traveled twelve miles and it was the last house to Sheholy, we eat some victuals and started over the hills to Sheholy twenty miles. The greater part of the road is tolerable good, only stony, some very rough, but we reached our destination about four o'clock in the afternoon, wet to the skin, the road being grown up with bushes.—I found the present house but small, Epharim Panonnand lived there and kept tavern. There is about 100 acres of meadow & pasture cleared; a large frame house part built and a large new frame barn, a saw mill, &c. We were employd this evening in securing the water from washing round a break in the dam.

"*June 22.*—This morning I began to prepare for an excursion down the Creek by Water, we found one small Flat & with a Hatchet and drawing Knife Jn° Hepem and myself built another out of boards in three hours by my watch.—We also rafted a quantity of boards from the saw mill to

build a cabin at the Falls. About noon we started with our craft & found great difficulty. The Water in many places was fifteen feet deep, and crooked, in going about three miles down we landed within half a mile of where we started here we found several Beaver dams and the bottom was all overflowed in such a manner that no person could travel through it. We landed in the evening about one mile below the house, walked up & staid all night.

. . . . . .

"*July 9.*—This morning Abel James, Jn° Hilborn, and myself went down the Creek in a flat to view the work the hands had done, as also what more was wanted. I could perceive that what was done had been of great service, but that more was wanted; on the whole I advised Abel James to give up all the business to the care and conduct of Jn° Hilborn, expecting that by his acquaintance with the people he could select a good set of hands and do the business at his own time and convenience much cheaper than we had reason to expect from our present system which he inclined to agree to. We then measured some of the swamps after which I settled with and paid Jn° Hilborn, and he prepared to start before day for home.

"Thus having nearly concluded my Business at Sheholy it seems right to make some general observations thereon. I believe the Sheholy Bottom contains about 1200 Acres and am fully of oppinion from what we have already done, it may be drained dry enough for Wheat or any other grain. There is in the lower parts of the bottom many clear meadows, one of near 50 acres in a piece—the lower part of the bottom is much the best and easiest cleared, and if there was a sufficiency of land cleard to support hands and teams, if the Falls could be purchased, would be as advantageous a seat for a saw mill as any on the Delaware.—But with mills at or near the Sheholy House, as it is much further to haul the boards and other inconveniences will not at the present price of Lumber answer any good purpose.

"*July 10.*—This morning I found Jn° Hilborn was gone, and after breakfast we sent all the other hands to cut out

the road on their way home and Abel James and myself stayed to settle the remains of the business, and to follow them in the morning. In the afternoon there came a man from Philadelphia on his way to C—— to view lands, but fail'd heart on account of the roughness of the roads. There also came Jn° Dougherty, one of Palmer's Survey, living in Trenton—he was a genteel young man and agreed to accompany us in the morning.

"*July 11.*—This morning we packed up our materials and started. The waiter who had brought my creature from Stroud's was forbid to put a saddle on her, but nevertheless rode her and hurt her back again, and I was obliged to carry a heavy load. On the way we overtook the hands on the road, just before which we found a large bear they had killed and skined. I tried to carry the skin on my mare, but in vain—Dougherty took it along to Consawleys where we stopped and eat dinner. Abel James stopped at William Smith's and remained all night and I proceeded on to Stroud's in company with Jn° Dougherty. It rained in the Evening and we were very wet.

"*July 12.*—This morning after breakfast Abel James came and we were employed in settling with the hands all the forenoon. I was sorry to find them so adicted to liquor; some that had conducted soberly while at work when they came here drank so that we could not settle with them.

"*July 13.*—This forenoon I was employed in settling with Colonel Stroud and taking a list of the articles I had had of him for Sheholy,—and we agreed with Jn° Hilborn to undertake to finish the creek and cut the road when he could be supplied with provisions and utensils from Philadelphia. I paid him £9 & took his receipt to enable him to employ good sober industrious hands (as he is acquainted with the people) and I expect by that means the work may be done much cheaper and better than by employing the common labourers in these parts, who are generally a pack of drunken lazy gluttons.

"It is my best advice to James and Drinker to put all their business of improving Sheholy under the care of John

Hilborn, if he will undertake it, as I apprehend he is the most suitable person they can find, and a man in whom they may place confidence.

"After finishing this business we started about half-after twelve, and my mare not being fit to ride, I rode Abel James's and he drove her in the sulky. Colonel Stroud accompanied us about seven miles. It was a very hilly road to the Wind Gap, yet there were many good farms and fine crops of wheat which they were about beginning to cut. The road through the Gap is much the best pass I have seen across the Blue Mountain. We stopped and fed at Heller's Tavern, from thence through a barren country commanding a fine distant prospect of farms on the surrounding hills. Abel James depended on me for a guide and being a stranger to the road I went to Easton instead of Nazareth, which mistake we did not discover until too late. I intending to pass through the town to the tavern on the Dry Lands we were espyed by Lawyer Sitgreaves, who pressed our stay and accordingly we stopped and put up at the Tavern which is a much better house than I expected to find there. I saw that the town was much improved since I first knew it, which is not many years ago. Lawyer Sitgreaves spent the evening with us and gave an entertaining historical account of the characters of Northampton County administration of Justice, the amount of which may be sumd up in saying as yet they are too much like Bucks was in time of the war.

"*July 14.*—About sun rise we started through Jn° Penn's Manor of Dry Lands for Bethlehem, where we breakfasted. I took a walk through the town and contrary to their rules went to the Single Sisters' House without first applying to their Church officers. At the door I asked for the Governess of the Nunnery, and said that I wished to buy a silk purse; she came and knowing my face invited me in very sociably. She is a genteel woman of great address and good sense. I purchased several little articles of them.

"We were detained upon business at Bethlehem five hours. They were about half done with their harvest, and

had a large crop of excellent wheat. We crossed the Ferry (Lehigh was the lowest I ever saw it)—and passing through Saucon saw abundance of fine wheat, and from every appearance in all parts of my travels this is the largest and best harvest ever cut in Pennsylvania. We fed our horses and eat dinner at Valentine Opp's and from thence to George Shaw's, where we fed again and reached William Bennet's in the evening, where we staid all night. I went home in the morning, having been absent one month and three days."

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